

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 14. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d
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The Flying Dutchman:

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA, IN THREE ACTS,
 BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, ESQ.

Author of "The Pilot," "The Inchcape Bell,"
 "The Earthquake." "The Devil's Elixir," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

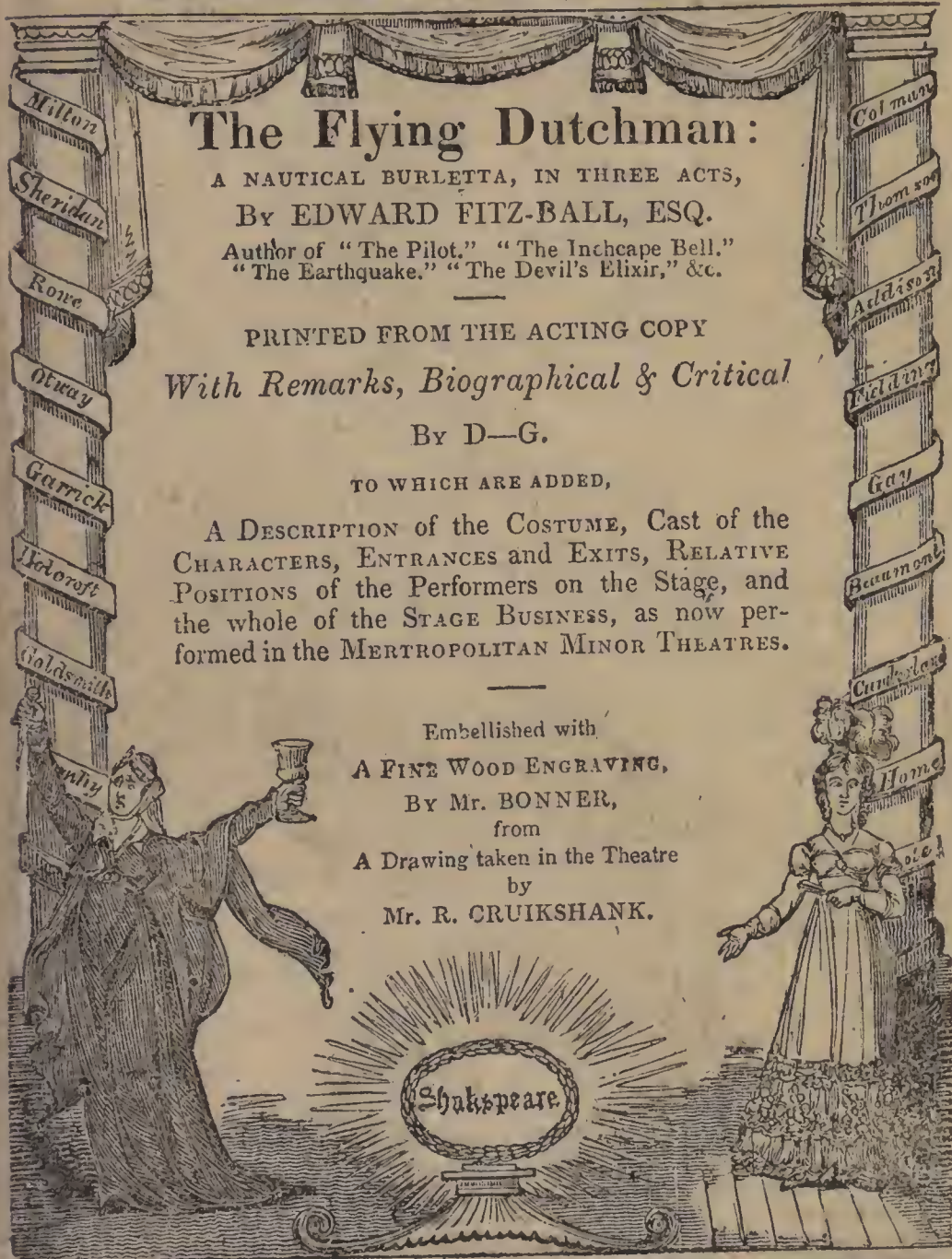
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By Mr. BONNER,
 from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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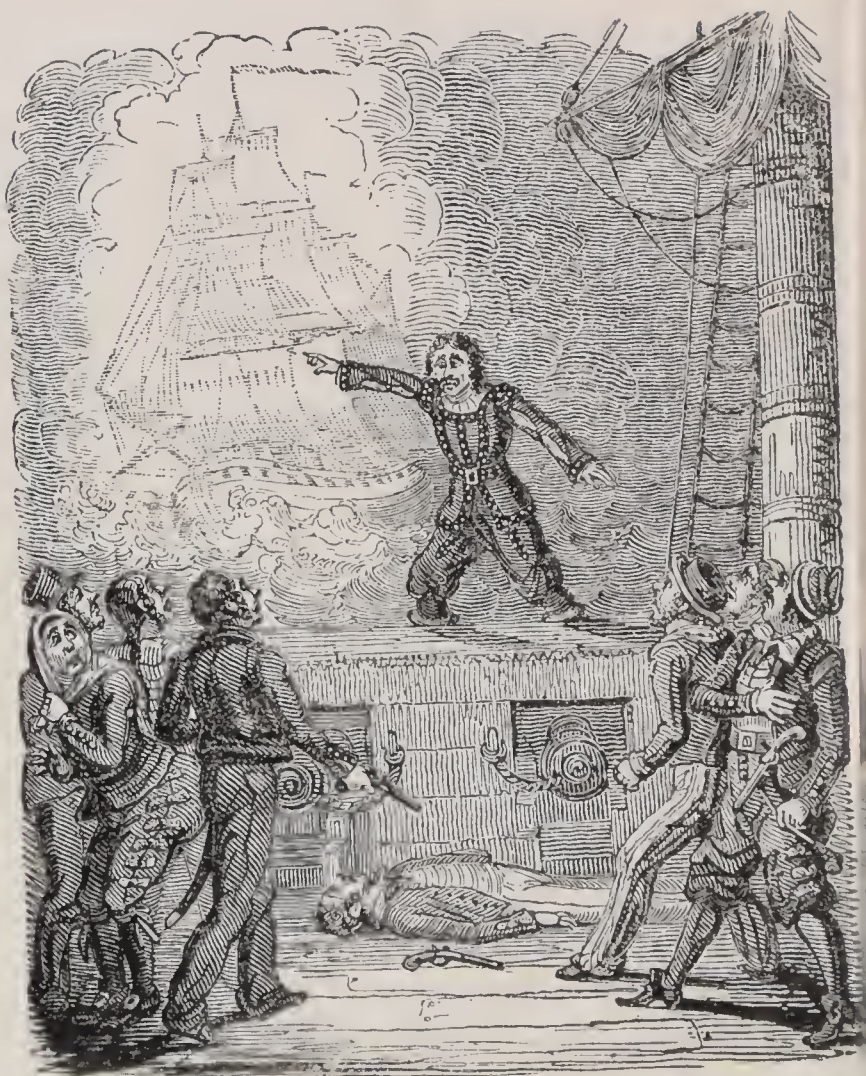
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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Ec.

The Flying Dutchman.

The Crew. Ah! Vanderdecken! Vanderdecken!

Act I, Scene 2.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, OR, THE PHANTOM SHIP:

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

■ In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

*Author of Wardock Kennilson, Haunted Hulk, The Pilot, Peveril
of the Peak, The Three Hunchbacks, Fortunes of Nigel, Joan of Arc,
The Earthquake, Devil's Elixir, Mary Glastonbury, Floating
Beacon, Colonel of Hussars, Kæuba, Innkeeper
of Abbeville, Thalaba, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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REMARKS.

The Flying Dutchman.

WHO, in the name of *wonder*, shall say that our national taste is not *marvellously* inclined to the *supernatural*? Speak, ye applauded demons in *Der Freischütz*! Come forth, thou *monstrous* compound of sulphur and indigo blue, in *Frankenstein*! The Flying Dutchman furnishes conclusive evidence of the fact. Never were imps more favourably received. Let not, however, the *material* part of the *dramatis personæ* feel offended—since the whimsicalities of Captain Peppercoal, Toby Varnish, and Peter Von Bummel have come in for a pretty considerable share of applause.

The Flying Dutchman! At the first glance *the name*, in large letters, fairly puzzled us. We remember the *Flying Pieman*—with his pantaloons, pumps, white apron, and powdered *toupée*, puffing off his pastry to a merry troll my-dame; but, knowing, from his peculiar conformation, dress, and habits, the total inaptitude of *Mynheer* to take an aerial flight, we were curious to behold what sort of a figure he would cut—a figure, we presumed, as unwieldy as that described in poor Emery's Yorkshire song:

“A huge flying waggon, that flies on *broad wheels*.”

A second glance introduced us to the *phantom-ship*, and the *legend* upon which this nautical drama is founded; and here we discovered ample food for wonder—a Dutch captain defying the devil; an act almost as bold as sailing up the Medway and bearding our fleet. The story first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and was adapted by Mr. Fitz-Ball, whose wits, fits, and fancies, in dramatic *diablerie*, have contributed to make night hideous, to the infinite delight of an intellectual public, who think the day's meal incomplete until they have supped full with horrors.

“The Flying Dutchman” is said to be an Amsterdam vessel, which about a century ago sailed from that port; the master's name was Vanderdecken, whose constant boast it was, that he would have his own way in spite of the devil.

Once, on doubling the Cape, they were a whole day trying to wear *Table Bay*, the wind increasing a-head of them, and Vanderdecken, walking the deck, continued swearing fearfully. Just after sunset, he was spoke by a vessel, who asked him if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night, to which Vanderdecken, with a tremendous oath, replied, “he would not, though he should beat about till the day of judgment.” Vanderdecken never did go into *Table Bay*, and is believed to have undergone the doom he so desperately dared. His vessel is still seen in the *Cape seas* in foul weather, sailing against the fiercest storm, with every inch of canvass set, striving in vain to reach her home, or to send despatches to relatives by other vessels.

Is not all this quite sufficient to beget an awful attention in the audience—to satisfy the utmost craving of those who, to a spirit of health, prefer a goblin damned? This peculiar taste, however, is not altogether so new as the unlearned in stage history may imagine.

"If" (says the facetious Gayton, in his festive notes on Don Quixote, 1654) "it be on holy dayes, when saylers, watermen, shoemakers, butchers, and apprentices, are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits with some tearing tragedy, full of fights and skirmishes, as the Guelphs and Guiblines, Greeks and Trojans, or the Three London Apprentices; which commonly ends in six acts, the spectators mounting the stage, and making a more bloody catastrophe among themselves than the players did. I have known, upon one of these *festivals*, but especially at Shrove-tide, where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what a major part of the company had a mind to—sometimes Tamerline, sometimes Jugurth, sometimes the Jew of Malta, and sometimes parts of all these! and, at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress, and put off their tragic habits, and conclude the day with the Merry Milk-maides.—And, unlesse this were done, and the popular humour satisfied (as sometimes it so fortune that the players were refractory), the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts—(what an O. P. war!)—flew about most liberally; and, as there were mechanics of all professions, who fell every one to his own trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately fabrick." Now, the author of *The Flying Dutchman* has wisely catered for all palates: for those whose taste inclines them to the terrible, he has provided thunder and lightning in abundance, thrown in a grotesque dance of water imps, and served up a death's head (not according to the old adage, stewed in a lantern), but picturesquely mounted on a black flag, and garnished with cross bones; while to the laughing souls, to whom—

"A merry jest is better far
Then sharp lampoon or witty libel,"

he presents a bill of fare irresistibly comic. We may, therefore, congratulate the "*violent spirits*" of the present day on the production of a piece where mirth and moonshine—murder and merriment—fire and fun, are so happily blended! If *Rockaldu* and her *water-wagtails* are too much for the sensitive nerves of


"Mrs. Brown, from Somer's Town, and Mrs. Spriggs, from Aldgate,
And cruel Miss Priscilla Twist, the pink of Norton Falgate,"

behold a leash of merry varlets,—

("When shall *we three* meet again,
In *thunder*, lightning, or in rain?")

John Reeve, Yates, and Butler, emulating the angry *billows*, and claiming, in *their turn*, to set the theatre in a *roar*!

Mr. O. Smith, in his representation of the dare-devil Vanderdecken, is both demon-like and Dutchman-like—great, not more in the *breech* than the observance of his part! Mr. Yates drew a whimsical portrait of Toby Varnish, the physical marine painter; and John Reeve resumed his old character of the Cockney Von Bunnell with redoubled spirit and glee. We have no actor who is advancing more rapidly in the public favour than John Reeve. A word, then, in John's ear: "Be a good boy, and *take care* of yourself!"

 D—G.

Costume.

CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL.—A naval captain's coat of the old school—Cassimire waistcoat and breeches—striped silk stockings—round-toed shoes—paste buckles.

LIEUTENANT MOWDREY.—Lieutenant's blue coat—Cassimire waistcoat—blue trousers—boots—black stock.

PETER VON BUMMELL.—*First dress*: A Dutchman's outre brown suit, with white sugar-loaf buttons—red stockings, with clocks—square-toed shoes, with red roses—old English high crowned hat, with red band and rosette—long neckcloth. *Second dress*: As a shepherdess, pink and white gown, with a stomacher—large straw hat.

TOBY VARNISH.—*First dress*: Striped shirt—nankeen jacket—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers—straw hat. *Second dress*: a bear's skin.

TOM WILLIS.—Check shirt—sailor's jacket and trousers.

MYNHEER VON SWIGGS.—Dutch sailor—blue jacket, with white sugar-loaf buttons—belt—large blue trousers.

SAILORS.—Check shirts—blue jacket and trousers.

SMUTTA.—White calico jacket, trimmed with red binding—white vest—white trousers, tied with broad red binding below the knees—dark brown flesh-coloured stockings—red slippers—white hat, with red binding.

SLAVES.—Similar to Sinutta, but without hats.

SENTINEL.—Soldier's blue jacket, with red skirts, buttoned breast high—cross belt—white serge breeches—black gaiters—soldier's cap, with dark green upright feather in front.

VANDERDECKEN.—Green old-fashioned dress, with white sugar loaf buttons—belt—high boots—old English hat—red feather.

LESTELLE VANHELM.—*First dress*: Open pink gown—white sarsnet and pink trimming—an old English stomacher, as a shepherdess. *Second dress*: White muslin—flowing hair.

LUCY.—Blue muslin dress.

ROCKALDA.—Sorceress's sea-green dress, trimmed with seaweed and shells—tiara on her head, with long black veil fastened from the back of the head.

EIGHT WATER-IMPS.—Green sea-weed dresses, with grotesque nondescript marks.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Adelphi Theatre.

<i>Captain Peppercoal, formerly Captain of a Trade Ship</i>	}	Mr. Butler.
<i>Lieutenant Mowdrey, a young Sea Officer</i>	- -	Mr. Hemmings.
<i>Peter Von Bummel, a Cockney Dutchman, a Dabbler in Law, alias a benighted Shepherdess</i>	}	Mr. J. Reeve.
<i>Toby Varnish, his Friend, a physieal Marine Painter, and a Bear</i>	}	Mr. Yates.
<i>Tom Willis, Mate of the Enterprise</i>	- - -	Mr. Smith.
<i>Mynheer Von Swiggs, Purser of the same Vessel</i>		Mr. Saunders.
<i>Smutta, a Slave</i>	- - - - -	Signor Paulo.
<i>Vanderdecken, Captain of the Phantom-Ship, the Flying Dutchman</i>	}	Mr. O. Smith.
<i>Rockalda, an Evil Spirit of the Deep</i>	-	Mr. Morris.
<i>Lestelle Vanhelm, Nicce to Captain Peppercoal</i>	}	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
<i>Lucy, her Attendant</i>	- - - - -	Miss Apjohn.

Sailors, Slaves, Water-Imps, &c. &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat*, or *Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; C. D. *Centre Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*.♦ The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN ;

OR, THE PHANTOM SHIP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rockalda's Cavern, opening to the Sea—a flame burning on a projecting piece of Rock, R. S. E.—the stage half dark.*

MUSIC.—ROCKALDA discovered seated on a Grotto Throne, R., with a trident wand—she rises and walks round the stage during the symphony.

AIR.—ROCKALDA.

Sweetly sleep, thou silv'ry moon,
Thy light is on the sea ;—
The fragrant sapphire opes her lip,
And breathes a kiss to thee.

Then here, in many an antic form,
In goblin mirth and glee,
I'll weave to-night the mystic dance,
And breathe a kiss to thee. [*Waving her wand*

Chorus heard without, L.

Cho. We'll weave to-night the mystic dance,
And breathe a kiss to thee.

Roc. We'll weave to-night
The mystic, mystic dance,

Cho. [*Without, L.*] And breathe a kiss to thee.
We come, we come, we come !

Enter eight little grotesque Water Imps, two and two, alternately from R. and L., with coral and small conch shells in their hands.—MUSIC.—The Water Imps dance around Rockalda—they blow their conch shells—and at the conclusion of the dance Rockalda waives her wand, when the eight Water Imps exeunt R. and L.—Thunder—Stage dark.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Rec. The billows roll, the planets fly,
Clouds and darkness wrap the sky,—
This sudden discord--speak ! unfold !

Cho. [*Without, L.*] 'Tis Vanderdecken comes!

[*Clouds roll over the sea.*]

Roc.

Oh, so near!—

Let him appear!

[*Waves her wand, and seats herself on her grotto throne, R.—Thunder.—SOFT MUSIC.—The dark clouds disperse—the gong vibrates, and Vanderdecken, amid blue fire, appears from the waves, his features pale and haggard, and holding in his hand a black flag, emblazoned with a white Death's head and cross bones—he descends, advances to Rockalda, and, placing the flag at her feet, bends his head in token of deep submission—the stage becomes lighter.*]

Van. [*Kneeling, c.*] Mighty genius of the deep, behold me at thy feet. My century having expired, I come to claim its renewal, according to thy promise—give me, once more, to revisit my native earth invulnerable, and, if I please, invisible, to increase the number of thy victims; and name thy own conditions.

Roc. [*Rising.*] Son of the wave, I understand, and, in observance of thy wish, receive this mystic garment.

Enter WATER IMP, R. S. E., with a mantle, which he presents to Vanderdecken, and exit, R. S. E.

And henceforth, in the mortal combat, be thou by this touch invulnerable. [*She touches him with her wand.*] And now go seek a bride to share thy stormy fate. Rockalda's fatal death-book make her sign, and become my slave. She's thine, and thou shalt renew thy present respite when another century has expired; but, remember, on earth, as the shadow of man is silent, so must thou be. Voice is denied thee 'till thy return; lest, in thy treachery, thou disclose to human ear the secrets of the deep.

[*MUSIC.—Vanderdecken rises and expostulates by action.*]

Roc. Thou urgest in vain—speak, and the charm is broken; and, at the third appearance of thy phantom ship, thy fate lies buried in the dark depths of the ocean for ever.

AIR.—ROCKALDA.

My summons twice thy phantom-ship shall be,
Which, thrice appearing, calls thee back to me.
To speak on earth beware!
That instant, ocean's flood
Consigns thee to despair.

Invisible Chorus.

That instant ocean's flood
Consigns thee to despair.

[*Thunder—Vanderdecken takes up his death-flag and retraces his steps amid the waves—he ascends in blue fire as the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Fortress—in the centre pannel in the flat the picture of a Ship under sail, bearing a date, 1729*

Enter LESTELLE and LUCY, R.

Lucy. It must be near the time, ma'am, when your lover generally steals from his concealment, and crosses the river at the back of the fortress, to discourse with you at the lattice unbeknown to your uncle. All's quiet—I don't hear the boat—no. Ah, ma'am, Lieutenant Mowdrey's a charming gentleman, and Mr. Varnish, his man, is a charming gentleman's gentleman. Heigho! I feel quite troubled with the ongwee, as Mr. Varnish calls it.

Les. Ah, you've been poring over another of those horrible German tales, I suppose, Lucy, and are now come hither to indulge me with your company, because you fear to sit alone.

Lucy. No, no, ma'am; instead of perusing a story, I've been composing a story, and one that would read charmingly in print—your own, for instance.

Les. Mine, Lucy!

Lucy. Yes, truly, ma'am, and I'm sure it would appear vastly interesting; we only want a spectre to render it a perfect romance. Listen, ma'am: you are destined by your cruel guardian to marry a man whom you never saw, one Mister or Mynheer Von Bummel, who is hourly expected from the other side of the ocean; now, you love a gallant officer whom you have seen, and who, under the disguise of a portrait-painter, contrives to obtain an interview, and to steal your heart—

Les. Now, Lucy, did I ever confess that?

Luc. No, ma'am, but your eyes and your sighs are sad blabbers of secrets—and who, because the lieutenant admired the portrait of the handsome shepherdess in the next room, and said it was an angelic resemblance of yourself, contrived this dress to appear even more like the picture which he so much admired. [*Alluding to the*

dress worn by *Lestelle*, which is almost a fac-simile of the portrait painted in the second scene of Act II.] Ha! madam—but to my story: your guardian finds out your little attachment, locks you up, and forbids your lover the house; but he, like a true knight, only tarries in ambush till he can fairly carry off his mistress from the Cape of Good Hope, and sail away with her to England, the land of liberty and joy. [*Courtesies to Lestelle.*] Now, ma'am, how do you like my long story?

Les. The denouement, exceedingly; but you have omitted a little sort of an underplot between yourself and a certain Mr. Varnish. Ah, *Lucy*! now, pray don't blush.

Capt. Peppercoal. [*Without, L., in a passion.*] Come along, *Smutta*.

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, L. D., followed by SMUTTA.

Capt. P. [*Patting Smutta on the head.*] Good *Smutta*. [*Turning to Lestelle.*] O *Letty*, *Letty*, what's this I hear? So, you want to desert, eh? want to quit the ship—to decamp from your old fond fool of an uncle and guardian, under whose care you've been reared and educated like a gentlewoman? Fire and fury! what wind will blow next, I wonder? I am ready to expire with vexation.

Les. My dear uncle, what has happened to occasion this agitation?

Capt. P. Who says I'm agitated? Feel my pulse—count it.

Les. [*Feeling his pulse, and counting rapidly.*] One, two, three, four, five—

Capt. P. Who the devil says I'm agitated? I'm as calm as the Dead Sea; and, if I was not the mildest of tempers, as meek as a dove, and as gentle as a lamb, I'd take—but I won't say another word; look at this—look at this, I say.

Takes a key out of his coat-pocket, and holds it up to Lestelle.

Lucy. (R.) *Lauk*, sir, you'll frighten my young lady into high sterricks. D'ye think she doesn't know a key when it's shown to her?

Capt. P. [*Crossing, c.*] O yes, or any thing else. And pray, madam [*To Lucy.*], what's that to you? I'll lock you up with her; you shall neither of you have the privilege of an old caterpillar, to crawl over the extent of a withered gooseberry-leaf, till *Lestelle* has become *Mistress Von Bummel*.

Lucy. Von Bummel! what a name!

Capt. P. What's that to you? 'tisin't yours. [*Crosses back to L.*] Mrs. Von Bummel—that's your name that is to be. I gave my word to the lad's father, my old messmate, that you should marry him; and when an old seaman, like me, gives his word, damme, he sticks to it through fire and water! Mistress Von Bummel.

Les. I'll die a million times first!

Capt. P. You'll do what first?

Les. I'll die first.

Capt. P. You'll die! well, then, die—die and be——
[*Placing his hand to his mouth.*]

Les. No, sir; though in all things else I am willing to obey your inclinations—in this one instance, which concerns the whole happiness of my life, I am resolved to follow the dictates of my own reason.

Capt. P. Follow the dictates of your own reason! follow the dictates of your own fiddle-de-dee. Who ever heard of a woman having any reason of her own? No, no,—you shall follow the dictates of my reason; and whom I say marry, you shall marry, though the fellow were as ugly as a sea-horse, and as clumsy as a porpoise! What, you wanted to cheat your old uncle, did you? by pretending to be twanging your harp at your window every night, when you thought I had turned into my berth, as naturally as an old blind peacock to its perch: but it won't do, Letty. Here was the old faithful Smutta—you should have given this dingy mastiff a bone, to have prevented him from barking. Ha, ha, ha!

Les.

&

Lucy.

} Smutta! He!

Capt. P. Speak, Smutta, and don't grin.

[*Pushes him to Lestelle.*]

Smutta. Iss, massa: him creep vere him bid him into large hogshead—vatch him all night—him see two men climb him up window dere—him tink dem to be two big thieves—see dem go him back in wood—hide him boat in long grass—Smutta so honest, tell massa.

[*Turns to the Captain, who strikes Smutta on the head.*]

Capt. P. Damn your honesty! tell your story.

Smu. [*Rubbing his head.*] Massa, him set Smutta swim across water—cutty him cord—and let him boat row himself down to him devil, missy—dere now.

Les. Ah, Smutta, you little thought that you were rendering me most unhappy.

Smu. O dear—him tought him save you troat from be cut—if him vex you, him cry him eyes out—oh, cursee him boat—and cursee him cord—and cursee him—O—h?

[Thumping his hat.]

Capt. P. [Kicking him.] Get out of the house, you howling baboon!

Smu. O, tank you, massa, much obliged.

[Exit Smutta, L. D.]

Les. This inhumanity is insupportable—not content, since my poor mother's death, with keeping me a prisoner in this gloomy fortress—

Lucy Which every body says is haunted by the Flying Dutchman, who comes here once in a century to visit his old habitation, and to carry off poor young maidens by stealth to his den under the sea.

Capt. P. I wish he'd come and carry you off, and then I should be rid of one plague, at all events. Flying Dutchman, flying devil—I don't believe a word of it; though they do tell me, that the old lady that's painted in the turret chamber, with a long marlinspike in her fist, with a crook at the end of it, was the dead Dutchman's dead wife; and that the old sea-trunk that stands under the window contains the clothes in which he last beheld her.

Lucy. Dear me, how I should like to see them.

Les. And I.

Capt. P. No doubt: woman's curiosity would peep into any thing—but I promised to the person of whom I bought the fortress to give the old trumpery sea-room, or they'd have been flung overboard long ago: your mother was so superstitious an old noodle, she would have thought it an ill omen to have disturbed them; and there they might remain till doomsday for any curiosity of mine. As for the pictures, they take up no room—they hang close to the wall, and are pretty furniture enough; and, for the box, I don't believe a soul knows how it came into the fortress.

Lucy. [Aside to Lestelle.] I thought that box was full of papers;—if I don't peep into it one of these days, I'm no true woman.

[Stage a little dark—thunder heard.]

Capt. P. It's coming on a rough night; therefore, turn in and go to bed: you had better do that than try to

cheat your old uncle; see, here's the key of this door, [*Pointing to L.*] and if you escape now, curse me but it shall be through the keyhole—so, go to bed.

Lucy. [*Aside to Lestelle.*] Tell him, you're not sleepy, ma'am.

Les. I'm not sleepy, uncle.

Capt. P. Well, then, go to bed and lie awake—I heard you, ma'am. [*To Lucy.*]

Les. My dear uncle, you won't lock me in.

Capt. P. I'm damned if I don't, though. [*Going, L.*]

Les. [*Coaxing him.*] You are too good-tempered.

Capt. P. No; I'm cursed ill-tempered.

Les. [*Following him to L. D.*] Now, my dear uncle.

Capt. P. I'm not to be wheedled; I am sixty and seven, and I was never wheedled by a woman since I was the height of a marlinspike. Egad! you are pretty, too. [*Kisses her.*] Upon my soul, I don't wonder that men are wheedled sometimes—there, good night.

[*Exit Captain Peppercoal, L. D., banging it after him and locking it.*]

Capt. P. [*Without.*] There, I've locked the door; go to bed, both of you.

Lucy. There's conduct, ma'am, to leave us by ourselves this stormy night. [*Thunder heard—stage darker.*]

Les. How the thunder rolls; I wonder where Mawdrey is now?

Lucy. And Varnish, poor fellow. [*Thunder again heard, and the stage becoming darker and darker.*] There again, there goes another whiz. Just look at the date on that picture, ma'am.

Les. [*Turns up stage, close on L. side, looking at the ship in the scene.*] Well, what of it?

Lucy. (R.) That's one hundred years ago—you remember the story, ma'am—once in a hundred years. [*Lucy pointing to the picture of the ship.*] That, you know, is called Vanderdecken's ship: [*Thunder.*] if the old Dutchman be not taking his rounds to-night, I'm much mistaken. Don't stand so far off, if you please, ma'am; [*Lestelle crosses to Lucy.*] I think I see the ghost of that Flying Dutchman in every ray of the moonlight.

[*Stage quite dark.*]

DUET—LESTELLE AND LUCY.

Les. 'Tis the hour when spirits wander,
Wander lonely through the night;

Lucy. The moon has risen pale in beauty,
Dark clouds veil her silv'ry light.

Les. } 'Tis the hour, &c.

Lucy. }

Both.

'Tis the owl in sullen humour,
Flaps the casement with her wing.
Bird forsaken, seek the forest,
And never here thy omens bring.

Lucy. Her accents still I hear ;

Les. They die upon the ear.

[*Thunder.*

Both. } Such chilling sounds burst from the deep
When Vanderdecken comes—ah !

[*The ship in the scene becomes illumined with crimson fire—
Lestelle crosses hastily to R.*

Both. } To bed—to sleep—
With a prayer our lips we'll close.
Softly, softly, seek repose—
With a prayer our lips we'll close.

[*The air, expressive of fear, dies away, and they exeunt R.,
trembling with alarm.*

SCENE III.—MUSIC.—*The Ship's Deck, with set waters
and setting sun—dark clouds progressively rising—kegs,
trunks, and coil of rope on stage—Crew discovered.*

Tom. [*Looking through a hand telescope, L. U. E.*] Huzza,
lads—I see land ! land !

The Crew. Huzza—land ! land !

*Enter PETER VON BUMMEL, R. S. E., with a red leather
foraging-cap on, and his head tied up.*

Pet. Land ! land ! where, mister sailorman ! Show
it me—where is it ?

Tom. [*Still looking through the telescope.*] Why, there—
no—now I can't diskiver it, shiver me if I can ; nothing
but water and the clouds rising o' the sudden ! 'Gad, my
masters, if it continues to blow thus, we are likely to get
a blustering night on it ; so near port, too—that there's
awkward !

Pet. You shouldn't call out land, when there's no
land ; bag my books, but you are coming the old Bailey.
I'll let ye see, I'm a lawyer : you shouldn't do so when
you know I have been sea-sick the whole voyage.

[*Puts his hand to his mouth.*

Tom. By the glass I could have sworn I seed the top
of Table Mountain ; but now the weather's got so hazy
and so dark, one can scarcely see a cable's length from
the bows. [*Thunder.*] Haw! taught there, we shall have
a storm—Yo ! ho !

Pet. A storm, oh dear ! here have I come all this

way as snug as a nut in its own shell, and now, on the very crack of landing, we are to have a storm: oh that I were at my desk in Chancery Lane again. Why, the sky looks as black as the seams of a hackney clerk's Sunday coat, just rubb'd over with its Saturday night's ink. [*Thunder.*] O—h! oh dear!

Tom. It must be—there, there, it goes again: see there she goes, top-gallants and all. [*Looking across L. U. E. to R.*] Ay, ay, we shall have a visit. [*To Peter.*] Did your honour never hear of the Flying Dutchman?

Pet. [*Sitting down on the deck, R., and leaning his head against the side.*] No; but I've heard of the lying Dutchman, who sold tulips and bulberous roots in Fleet Market.

Tom. This is no land-lubber I'm speaking of, but the right real arnest Flying Dutchman, Vanderdecken, whose cutter drives constantly against the wind.

Pet. Well, that's nothing to brag of: hav'nt I done the very same thing, when I came from Margate in the steamer.

Tom. Belay! belay! This is no steamer, but a hap-perition, your honour; and a gang of devils what brings letters aboard of honest men's ships: but no good comes to them that has communications with sich dispatches—the weight on 'em is enough to sink the stoutest bit of oak that ever studded the salt sea.

Von S. [*Comes forward with a flask.*] Yaw, mynheer—dat ish all true.

Pet. [*Rising up, and mimicking.*] Dat ish all true, you superstitious old wig-block—what do you know of—O—h, I'm very ill, oh!

Von S. You had vetter go below.

Pet. I'm very ill below already.—[*Von Swiggs offers Peter the flask, from which he drinks, and returns it.*]—Oh dear, my stomach is like a skittle-ground,—nothing but heaving and pitching going forward from morning to night. Heigho!

[*MUSIC.*—*Thunder and lightning—the setting sun and warm sky descend, and black clouds rise in its place—stage dark.*]

Tom. Lights there—lights in the binnacle—what do I see?—a drowning man within hail—a rope, a rope!

[*MUSIC.*—*Sailors throw out a rope at the side of the vessel, L. U. E., when Vanderdecken appears on the ship's side like a drowning Seaman—the Crew assist him on board—he seems exhausted—Von Swiggs gives him his flask*]

Tom. There, drink, poor fellow—Heaven help him.

[MUSIC.—*Vanderdecken trembles and drops the flask at the word "Heaven"—the Crew start, and exclaim, "Vanderdecken! Vanderdecken!"—Vanderdecken recovers himself suddenly, and, taking out letters, offers them to Tom Willis and the rest, who all reject them in apparent alarm—by this time, Peter has got seated on a keg, R.*

Tom. No, no, your letters are sealed with dead lead. Letters to your friends, indeed: if reports speak true, your friends have been stowed in the last hold long before now.

[MUSIC.—*Vanderdecken implies, "No, no"—he takes a letter from his bosom, tied with blue riband—Kisses it—weeps—points to the superscription—opens it—presses it to his breast—shows it to the crew—then wildly tenders its answer, sealed with green wax, to Tom Willis.*

Tom. [*Reads without touching it: "To Miss Lestelle Vanhelm, who lives in the second street, Staucen Yacht Quay, Amsterdam."*] Why, to my certain knowledge, no such person lives there; the street was pulled down sixty years since, and a large church now stands in its place.

Pet. [*Rises, and advances next to Vanderdecken.*] Bag my books, what's that I hear—Miss Lestelle Vanhelm—why, that's my wife as is to be. I'm now going to the Cape on purpose to marry her. Sailors, when I arrive, I invite you all to the wedding—plenty of grog, and all that—ah! you may stare! [*To Vanderdecken.*] Look here, here's the licence, and here's dad's letter of introduction—look here [*To Willis.*] "L-i-c-e" [*Spelling each letter.*—there, you read.

[MUSIC.—*Vanderdecken, with a malicious smile, takes the letter—reads it with a start—conceals it, and offers his own in exchange, which Peter is going to take, when Tom Willis pulls him back.*

Tom. (R.) What the devil are you about?

Pet. (R.C.) What the devil are you about, lugging one so.

Tom. Touch one of them bits of paper, and we sink into Davy Jones's locker like a shot.

Pet. Oh, give me my letter!

[*The Sailors seize Peter, who faints in their arms, R.*

Tom. Slew him taugt there—and you [*To Vanderdecken.*] quit the ship, can't ye.

[*Vanderdecken offers his letter more wildly, which they still refuse—he threatens, and places the letter on the deck.*

Pet. I will have my letter.

MUSIC.—*Peter attempts to snatch the letter, when it explodes—a sailor is about to seize Vanderdecken, who eludes his grasp, and vanishes through the deck—Tom Willis fires on R., Von Swiggs on L.—a Sailor falls dead on the deck—Vanderdecken, with a demoniac laugh, rises from the sea in blue fire, amidst violent thunder—at that instant the Phantom Ship appears in the sky behind—Vanderdecken and the Crew in consternation exclaim “Ah! Vanderdecken! Vanderdecken!” as the drop hastily falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Seacoast.*

Enter MOWDREY, L. S. E.

Mow. How unfortunate! the boat gone; cut from her moorings, and not yet recovered. This very night Lestelle had consented to elope and fly with me to happy England: now, how am I to cross the river which runs near the balcony of her chamber?—She must expect me still in vain. What new stratagem can I possibly devise? Varnish! where is that rascal? always loitering behind. His wit shall again assist me. Varnish, I say!

Enter VARNISH, L. S. E.

Var. Here, sir!

Mow. Dog! where have you been?

Var. Dog am I, sir? I'm a faithful follower of my master, at all events; or, if I am a dog, perhaps it is with living on the bark of the trees, for the deuce a bit of animal food has passed my lips since yesterday, and that's enough for any body to snarl at. Dog, indeed!

Mow. Ah, if you loved as I love; but you, you've no heart.

Var. No; I wish I had a heart, if it was only a sheep's heart;—but no, Lucy has my heart. Ah, sir, if you did but know—what is your single suffering compared to my double one? you suffer only with love—I, with love and hunger at the same time. I have two appetites, one for love and another for eating. Oh, my poor bowels!

Mow. [*Looking out, R.*] There she is again!

Var. Anything to eat, sir?

Mow. I'm sure 'tis Lestelle at the lattice, yonder.

Var. Do you see anything of my Lucy, sir?

Mow. Hold your tongue, sir. She waves her handkerchief.

Var. I'll wave mine.

Mow. That was to have been the signal, and—[*Still looking out, R.*] Now—the boat gone—what steps am I to take?

Var. Those which lead back to the cutter, sir. [*Rain and distant thunder.*] The storm beginning again. Come, sir, won't you go? ar'nt you hungry?

Mow. What! return, and without Lestelle? What have you seen in my conduct, sirrah, to presume that a little fatigue or a drop of rain should divert me from an enterprise in which my heart—my life—is involved?

Var. Yes, and my life, also. I don't know how it is; but with you, sir, difficulty only seems to increase your ardour; while, with me, it brings on a sort of don't-carishness—a kind of a want to go—to sleepishness, which are wonderful sicknesses to a man of my constitution. Eh! ah! what do I see? [*Looking towards L. S. E.*] Can I believe my eyes?

Mow. What new folly now? has the fellow taken leave of his senses?

Var. O, sir! I spy nothing less than Chancery Lane, Lincoln's Inn, and the Court of Equity, running a race through the back woods of Africa.

Mow. And which gets out first?

Var. Not Chancery, you may be assured.

Pet. [*Without, L. U. E.*] Hillio h—o! hillio! ho!

Var. Hillio! h—o! o—h! Eh? no—yes it is—it is either Peter or his fetch, and I should as soon expect to see the one as the other. Now I see him, he's coming down the cliff—he's there! he's here—he approaches—he is in my arms, my own arms—my own Peter Von Bummel.

Enter PETER, harassed, L. U. E., a large green bag in his hand.

Pet. No, it can't be! my old acquaintance in *staity quo*. Toby Varnish, the 'potticary's boy from Fleet-Market. Oh, my Toby! come to my arms. [*Embrace.*]

Mow. (R.) Varnish, you know the stranger?

Var. [c.—*To Peter.*] My master. [*Peter bows, L.*]

Var. When I first cleaned physic-bottles for Dr. Dosemdead, Peter here came over from Holland to find

out the justice, and study the practice and cunning of the law—the practice and cunning came naturally. I taught him that in a single lesson.

Pet. [*Pompously.*] I studied very hard ; I studied like—like a donkey, I did ; my ears were constantly on the stretch ; when a haccident occurred that quite upset all my great points.

Var. A haccident ! what haccident ?

Pet. A letter from dad to return to Holland, and equip myself like one of the house of Bummel. [*Turning round.*] I hav'nt worn these clothes for years.

Var. What a fit !

Pet. I then set sail immediately for Africa, in order to get married to the niece of an old friend of his, Miss Lestelle.

Mow. [*Aloud.*] Lestelle !

Pet. Bless me ! what ails the gentleman ? He bawls out like the court crier, who drowns other people's noises by calling silence himself. What is it ?

Var. What is it ? surprise, to besure—ha, ha ! surprise.

Mow. [*Furiously.*] There never was, there never shall or can be——

Var. So fortunate an affair as this : only to think that my pupil, Peter Von Bummel, Esq., Lord High Chancellor of England as is to be——

Pet. As is to be.

Var. Only to think, now, that he, I say, should prove the anxiously expected bridegroom of Miss Vanhelm, and that he should have the good luck to meet with us, on his way to the fortress.

Pet. Bag my books ! good luck, sure it is ; for somehow, while I was studying my maiden speech to my wife that is to be, I lost sight of the runners who set me ashore, and, but for meeting you, might have roared out for a haberus corporus till next term.

Var. That's not the worst, my dear Peter : without the assistance of counsellor me, and my master here, Miss Vanhelm will never get married to the young stranger, who has already won her affections.

Pet. Young stranger ! that's me ; affection—loves me already—heard of my fame—how things flies abroad. Not have her ? Who's to serve the writ of ejectment ? Mr. Toby, eh ?

Var. Mr. Peppercoal.

Pet. The devil he is !

Var. Yes : he wants you to sign away your property

under the idea of marrying his ward ; and then he intends to marry her to—to whom did we understand, sir ?

Mow. To one—one Vanderdecken, the—

Pet. I know the fellow well enough—a blue-looking chap, with hair all about here. [*Pointing to his chin, nose, eyebrows, &c.*] He stole my letter of introduction. A ghost, I think, they called him ; but, if I don't pop him into the spiritual court, say I'm a fool.

Var. [*Aside.*] Now, what does he mean, sir ?

Mow. I cannot even guess.

Pet. But how did you come by your information respecting—

Var. Respecting yourself ? Oh, from Miss Lestelle ; my master here is—is—

Mow. A friend to her brother : we sailed together in the Quiver.

Pet. Quiver ! no, it won't do—it don't dart into my recollection that she ever had a brother, or a father, or a mother either. But she might—she might—the law allows it ; so, if you can and will serve the intended bridegroom of Miss Vanhelm, sign, seal, and deliver, eh ?
[*Crosses to c.*]

Mow. From the bottom of my heart, will I advocate the cause of Miss Vanhelm's lover.

Var. So will I.

Pet. That's brave—give me your scribblers. [*Taking both their hands.*] Now, then, lead into court. [*Turns to Varnish.*]

Var. Thus attired, we cannot : Captain Peppercoal, who has heard of my knowledge of you, apprehensive lest I should put you on your guard against his wicked plot—
[*Peter turns to Mowdrey.*]

Mow. And fearing, from my esteem for his brother, whom he has disinherited for—

[*Peter turns to each, as they speak.*]

Var. For honesty—

Mow. And knowing, likewise, my regard for the sister——

• *Var.* Forbids us the house till after her marriage with Vanderdecken——

Mow. Till after Vanderdecken has married the young lady.

Pet. Till after her marriage with Vanderdecken. [*Then looking at Mowdrey, and again at Varnish.*] Well, now, it's your turn, I believe.

Var. [*To Peter.*] I say, what have you got in that bag ?

Pet. What a lawyer always likes to carry.

Var. What's that?

Pet. A good suit! but you shall see. [*Feeling within the bag.*] Hollo! hollo!

Var. Anything wrong?

Pet. Yes, something is wrong. [*Smelling his fingers.*] The nasty beasts—hang me, if those confounded sailors hav'n't purloined my Wellingtons and pea-green Dash-away, and left in its place an old tarry jacket and trousers—[*Pulling out of the bag an old patched jacket and trousers.*]; here's a flaw in the indictment for ye.

[*Folding up the trousers with his thumb and finger, and pointing to a large patch.*]

Mow. A very good disguise, and will do for me.

Var. That may do for you, but what will do for me—What am I to do? I can't stay behind, if I go upon all fours—Varnish in the rear—I can't bear that.

Pet. You must go upon all fours, and bear it into the bargain; see, here's part of a bear's skin, which I bought of our purser, to get stuffed and set in a glass-case in Lestelle's bedchamber, when we are married.

[*Takes a bear's head out of his bag, and holds it to Varnish.*]

Var. Do you suppose I'll make a beast of myself—I won't do it to please anybody.

Mow. Let's return to the cave, pop on our disguises, and hey to carry the fortress.

Pet. Carry the fortress! that's too much, my shoulders wouldn't support it: if I carry off the lady, the fortress may carry off itself.

Mow. Come along, follow me! [*Exit Mowdrey, R.*]

Var. [*Crosses to C.*] I won't make a beast of myself to please any body; I won't bear it.

Mow. Silence, sir, and follow me.

Pet. If you don't, I won't go with you. I'll give you the bag. [*Throws the bag over his shoulders—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Turret Chamber in the Fortress, with a large practicable window, C. F.—on one side in flat R. the Portrait of a Shepherdess with the sea-trunk beneath it, near R. S. E.—on the other side of flat, L., a Portrait of Vanderdecken—under the window, C., a table covered with baize—pens, ink, writing-paper, lute, books and work-basket—a screen near L. U. E.—stool and Gothic chair.*

MUSIC.—LESTELLE tuning her lute—LUCY on her knees, with a bunch of keys in her hand, examining the trunk.

Lucy. I've tried every key in the bunch, and all to no

purpose : if I thought it would not be discovered, this lock is in so crazy a state that—

Les. Not for the world, Lucy ; I forbid such an action.

Lucy. But the dress of the Shepherdess, ma'am, one hundred years old—how the fashion of it would amuse us.

Les. No, no : I require no other amusement than the melancholy of my own thoughts.

Lucy. [*Brings forward the lute.*] How provoking !

[*Throwing down the keys.*]

Les. Never mind ; come and sit by me, [*Sits near L.*] I'll sing you a ballad ; I was taught it by my mother when a child—it relates to the Flying Dutchman. It seems as though the sad looks of that picture [*Pointing to the Shepherdess R. in flat.*] quite frightened it out of my memory.

[*Lucy takes her work-basket, and brings forward a stool and sits down to work R., at a distance from Lestelle.*]

Lucy. There, ma'am, do you sing and I'll work.

Les. You must know, Lucy, the song I'm going to sing ;—'tis said 'twas her song, the wife of Vanderdecken.

SONG—LESTELLE

Return, O my love, and we'll never, never part,

While the moon her soft light shall shed :

I'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,

And my bosom shall pillow thy head.

Vanderdecken appears behind the large window in the flat, which he opens and closes during the first part of the song.

Les. I think it proceeded thus.

SONG—(Continued).

The breath of the woodbine is on my lip,

Impearl'd in the dew's of May ;

And none but thou of its sweetness shall sip,

Or steal its honey away.

No, no, never no,

Shall steal its honey away.

Return, O my love, &c.

Cho. Yes, yes, and my bosom shall pillow thy head.

[*During the second verse and termination of the air, Vanderdecken rises through the sea-chest and leaves the lid open—he goes near the screen and listens, lays his hand on his heart, and turns to the picture of the Shepherdess, which he contemplates and weeps—then falls into an attitude of abstraction and admiration of Lestelle, during the remaining part of the song. He stands behind her chair, and on the last note of her song, the lid of the chest falls with a loud crash—he starts, and hurries behind a large cloak, which*]

hangs on the R. of flat—the women scream and run to L. D.—Vanderdecken vanishes unperceived through a secret pannel, and the cloak falls down.

Lucy. [Kneeling.] Murder ! Sure, ma'am, it seemed to me as though the lid of that very trunk had opened and shut with a violent crash : oh, my poor little heart, how it does beat. I'm sure this place is haunted by Satan and all his imps ; that cloak, too, was frightened.

Les. Why, Lucy, what will you be alarmed at next ?

Lucy. I'm sure I don't know, ma'am.

Les. I declare you render me almost as ridiculous as yourself : when any of the furniture creaks, or the wind blows down a cloak, or even a door opens, I tremble so that—

Lucy. [Rising from off her knees.] Ah, ma'am, it's a great pity we are not both married : we are not fit to live alone, I'm sure, ma'am ; and you'd be more nervous did you know what Smutta told me last night.

Les. Why, what was it ?

Lucy. [Mysteriously.] He says, ma'am, that in the neighbourhood of this very place is a cave called the Devil's Cave, and in that cave lies a Magic Book—oh ! I don't know how many hundred years old, and do you know, ma'am, they do say Vanderdecken's ghost sometimes spirits away young women to set their names in that book, when they immediately become victims to himself and Rockalda, the hag of the waters.

Les. What a horrible story. [*Captain Peppercoal bangs L. D.—Lestelle and Lucy scream and hasten to R. D.—Lucy throws her apron over her head.*] Oh, 'tis my uncle,—don't be frightened, Lucy.

Lucy. [Replacing her apron.] Lord, ma'am, how can you be such a coward.

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, L. D., with a letter in his hand.

Capt. P. Why, Letty, what's the matter with you : you shrieked out as if you had been—may my ship's anchors come home if your cheeks are not as white as the main-sail after a six months' bleach.

Les. Oh, my dear sir, I've been so terrified.

Capt. P. What, another hobgoblin story, eh ? It's like your thinking the ship's picture in the next room hoisted sail because the moon happened to shine on it, ha, ha ! Nonsense—but away with all these moonshine fancies—he's come—ha, ha, ha ! the dear boy—he's here.

Les. He, wno?

Luc. Not the Flying Dutchman, I hope?

Capt. P. No, no, the Walking Dutchman—here he is—here's Von Bummel's hand, sure enough; and here comes young Von Bummel, as like his father as water is to water. Hollo! Smutta! bear to leeward there! clear the gangway!

[MUSIC.]

Enter VANDERDECKEN, shown in by SMUTTA, L. D.

Welcome, my dear boy, how are you? how like old Von, to be sure. Well, what sort of a voyage have you had?—I'm afraid rough; you look as if you had been a little sickish, but it's all over now—here's Letty—here's your wife that is to be; look at her—isn't she a trim-built vessel, from keel to topmast, eh? [*Lestelle gets to L.—MUSIC.—Vanderdecken starts at sight of Lestelle—he takes off his hat and bows to her—his eye wanders from her to the picture of the Shepherdess.*] I see what you mean, why couldn't you speak; you fancy there's a bit of a likeness between that old picture and my Letty; I have heard that said before, though I don't know why it should be, but if you are fond of old pictures, I have plenty of them in this house.

Lucy. Sir, sir, if you talk of likenesses, the one there of the Flying Dutchman is exactly like—

[MUSIC.—*Vanderdecken, unperceived, stretches out his hand, and the portrait of himself changes to a resemblance of Peter Von Bummel.*

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! nonsense.

Lucy. But it was like him if Old Nick hadn't changed him this instant.

Capt. P. Why, Letty, what are you doing there, twiddling up in a corner? Why don't you give the young man a little encouragement? And you [*To Vanderdecken*], why don't you speak to her—bring her to an anchor—speak to her.

[MUSIC.—*Vanderdecken is somewhat disconcerted—a thought strikes him, and he declares himself dumb.*

Les. { Dumb!

Lucy. }

Capt. P. What does he say?

Lucy. He says he's dumb, sir!

Capt. P. Oh, then that's what he meant by—[*Mimicks the action of Vanderdecken*] Dumb! I didn't bargain for

that ; but, I say, the despatches are as dumb as yourself on that subject.

[*MUSIC.—Vanderdecken runs to the table and writes, and gives it to Peppercoal.*

Capt. P. Don't look so frightful—very awful correspondence. [*Reads.*] “*I was struck dumb by lightning on my passage hither*”—Poor fellow ! “*I am assured that I shall recover my speech in a short time.*” Well, come, that's not so bad ; and as the women generally like all the talk to themselves, why, perhaps, it may be all the better in the end, and to-morrow shall be the wedding of yourself and Lestelle.

Les. To-morrow, uncle ! Uncle—

Capt. P. Ay, to-morrow : a dumb husband will be all the better for you, and the sooner you're married, the longer you'll have all the talk to yourself ; therefore, give me your hand, and give me yours. [*To Vanderdecken.*] You shall be spliced to-morrow morning.

[*A loud knocking is heard at L. D. as he is about to join their hands.*

Enter SMUTTA, hastily, L. D.

Smu. Oh, massa, there's anoder Mynheer Von Bummer man vid blind old sailor man, and dam large a bear, massa.

Capt. P. Another Von Bummel ? why, there is but one Von Bummel, and here he stands.

Smu. Him so big all round.

Capt. P. And you said something about a bear, too.

Smu. O ees, massa, such him wapper !

Capt. P. O ho—I smoke the plot—Lucy, come here. [*Lucy comes down, R.*] I do believe the bear is your lover. [*To Smutta.*] Hearkye, show up this other Von Bummel, and keep the bear below. [*Exit Smutta, L. D.*] My friend, do you step behind the screen—I'll soon settle this business. [*Vanderdecken goes behind the screen.—To Lestelle and Lucy.*] Oh, fie upon you both, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves—where is he ?

[*MUSIC.—The bear growls without, L.*

Enter MOWDREY, with a long rough staff, and dressed as an old Seaman, followed by SMUTTA, L. D.

Mow. Sarvice, your honour. I hopes you'll excuse a poor distrest seaman vots got no better means of a livelihood than by showing off poor bruin what's below there to the land swobs !

[*Bear growls without—Smutta starts, as if frightened.*

Mow. There's a voice, your honour—how he runs over the gammon.

Capt. P. Egad! but you shan't gammon me!

Mow. If you'll allow him to come up, he'll sing the young ladies a song; but, first and foremost, I does my duty by piloting into port Mynheer Von Bummel, whom your wonderfulness has been on the look out for, I reckon.

Capt. P. [*Aside.*] I have, and I'll let you know it presently.

Enter PETER VON BUMMEL, L. D.

Pet. I'm arrived, old Coaly. [*Exit Smutta, L. D.*

Capt. P. Well, and who are you, now you are arrived?

Pet. My name's Peter Von Bummel—I'm the son of your old friend.

Capt. P. You're not a bit like the son of my old friend.

Pet. You needn't blow me up for that, that's my father's fault.

Capt. P. Well, if you are the son of my old friend, prove it—show me your testimonials—where's your documents?

Pet. [*Aside to Mowdrey, L.*] As I've lost my letter, I'd better authenticate myself by a little of my native Dutch. [*Going up to Peppercoal.*] Ich, ich, mynheer! Yaw! yaw! Kaller de Holland kesta spreken.

Capt. P. Yaw! yaw! the fellow brays like a jackass. You my old friend's son—[*Noticing the portrait.*]—Damn me if it isn't the Flying Dutchman!

Pet. (c.) Dutchman—Dutch, me no Dutch—but I'll have you up, old hatchet-nose!

Capt. P. Old hatchet-nose; but I'll be calm! [*Aside.*] I see through it all, and I'll have a scheme in my turn—sit down a little.

Pet. I'll sit down, but I can't sit down a little.

[*Turns round.*

Capt. P. And, hearkeye, perhaps you'll entertain the ladies in the meantime with some of Bruin's antics, while I order in something to refresh your weary limbs.

Mow. (L.) Thank your wonderfulness—if I makes too free, I hopes you will excuse my nonsensicalness.

Capt. P. (R.) [*Aside.*] I will—I'll have you all in the bilboes in two minutes. [*Exit Captain Peppercoal, L. D.*

Les. My dear uncle, for heaven's sake don't leave us: we—

Mow. [*Throwing off his hat.*] Lestelle, is it possible you do not know me—let us fly—

Les. Hush! hush! my suitor, Von Bummell, is hid behind the screen!

Pet. [*Taking the lute off the table.*] What, another Von Bummell behind the screen!—we'll have him out.

[*Mowdrey throws down the screen, L.—Vanderdecken has vanished.*]

Mow. Your apprehensions are in vain—[*Placing his arm round Lestelle.*—hear me.

Pet. [*Coming down, R.*] Hollo, my friend, what are you at? [*Hits him with the lute.*]

Mow. Keeping my word with you: didn't I promise to advocate your case?

Pet. But remember, I'll do all the rest. [*They retire up.*]

Enter VARNISH, as a Bear, L. D., dancing

Var. I can bear it no longer [*Running up to Lucy, R. U. E.*]—charming Lucy [*Kneels.*], behold at your feet one who is dying for—

Lucy. Help! Murder! O—h!—[*She screams—almost faints—they support her to the chest in consternation.*]

Var. [*Taking off the bear's head.*] How deucedly unlucky. [*Placing his head on the table under the window.*] If I had but taken off my infernal head first.

[*Returns to Lucy—Peppercoal, with a sword, climbs up a ladder outside the window in the flat, which he opens, and snatches the bear's head off the table.*]

Capt. P. [*Disappearing.*] The rogues! [*All start up.*]

Mow. Rogues! did you hear that?

Var. Somebody knows us!

Lucy. Varnish! dear Varnish!

Var. Where's my head—I've lost my head!

[*Hides behind the screen, L.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, L. D., with a sword in one hand and the bear's head in the other; SMUTTA and Slaves following him.

Capt. P. Come along—I'll find 'em out, I warrant. Out with that fellow directly.

[*Pointing to Mowdrey—Scuffle—Lestelle and Lucy hurry off, R. S. E., while Mowdrey and Peter fight off, L. D.—The scene is upset, and Smutta leads forward Varnish by the ear—Captain Peppercoal holds up the head, and then throws it to Varnish.*]

Var. Give me my head—how my poor head has been knocked about.

Capt. P. Now, sirrah! what have you to say to this? Confess the whole plot, or—

Var. Well, then, there is a plot.

Capt. P. And you are come to help him.

Var. Yes, sir, I'll try it on a little; my master intends to carry off your niece this very night, in the disguise of the Flying Dutchman, sir; and so we come here just to—

Capt. P. Just to let me into the secret; but you shall remain as security for their good behaviour. What shall we do with him?

Smu. Put him in wine-cellar, massa.

Var. In the wine-cellar—oh ho! Cape Madeira in abundance—that's not so bad.

Capt. P. If you dare to crack a single bottle, or to draw a cork, I'll have you stifled in sawdust—danime, I'll stop up your mouth with sealing-wax.

Var. I must try to make an impression;—sweet Mister Pepperpole, do but hear me.

Capt. P. Don't sweet me—I'm a compound of crab-apples and vinegar! away with the rascal.

[*Smutta and Slaves seize Varnish.*]

Var. I won't go—no, by no manner of means—I'll see you all black, blue, red, green; and there [*Strikes Slaves, &c.*—oh, help!]

[*Slaves force Varnish out, L., Captain Peppercoal following.*]

Smu. Oh, him poke out poor Smutta's little right eye.

SCENE III.—*A lonely Pass—Stage half dark.*

Enter MOWDREY and PETER, L.

Mow. I can endure this suspense no longer—I'll return and rescue Varnish and Lestelle, my adorable Lestelle.

Pct. (L. c.) Your adorable Lestelle! my adorable Lestelle!

Mow. Bah!

Pct. Bah! There's contempt of court for ye! I've a great mind to ask him for his card, only I'm afraid he'd give it me.

Mow. I'm so mortified, I'd shoot myself for half-a-crown!

Pct. I wish I had half-a crown!

Mow. What did you say ?

Pet. I say I wish I had half-a-crown.

Mow. Why, sir ?

Pet. Because then I should have half-a-crown.

Mow. You're a contemptible fool !

Pet. [*Looking him in the face, and stamping with his foot.*] What, sir !

Mow. You're a contemptible fool ; and I'd call any man a contemptible fool that acted as you do !

Pet. Oh ! if you'd call anybody a contemptible fool—I don't take it personal—I think I had better adjourn, sir. I hope I don't offend, but if you would only recommend me to the nearest vessel bound for England, I should be so—

Mow. [*Crossing to L.*] You can rest awhile here. In a few hours expect me ; you shall then have the advantage of my cutter—impertinent fool !— [*Exit, L.*]

Pet. His cutter ! O dear ! that's an insinuation I don't like ; he robs me of my wife as was to be, and then I'm to have the advantage of his cutter [*Draws his finger across his throat.*] ; but I'll be too sharp for him !

Smu. [*Without, L.*] Massa ! massa !

Pet. Here comes one of his cutters !

[*Goes off hastily, R., and returns as Smutta runs in, L., with a letter.*]

Smu. It's only Smutta.

Pet. Keep off, keep off—if you touch me, I'll bring my action for assault and battery.

Smu. Me bring no salt, nor no buttery, massa ; me bring only pretty kind letter from Miss Lucy, Miss Lestelle's maid.

Pet. A letter for me, from Lestelle's maid—I'm awake, I smell a rat.

Smu. Dam him rat, massa—him no smell him rat.

Pet. Yes, you do smell like a rat. [*Reads.*] “ *People set to watch at night—the only way to pass is to assume the disguise of the Flying Dutchman, which Smutta has provided.*” [*To Smutta.*] You've got the disguise all ready ? “ *Write a line, to put us on our guard. Fail to come, and another will carry off your mistress.—LUCY.*” [*Kisses the letter.*] I don't know which to love most, the mistress or the maid ; but I've been sworn at Highgate, and shall take the mistress. [*Crosses to L.—Smutta holds out his hand, and Peter shakes hands with him—Smutta still holds out his hand.*] I hav'nt the least idea what you mean. [*At last, as recollecting.*]

Oh, ah, certainly ; I shall do everything that's correct. I am the most liberal fellow on the face of the earth, when I have any money ; but—[*He fumbles in his pocket, and then exclaims, putting his finger to his nose.*] I shall see you by and by. [Exit, L.]

Smu. Now, what de devil him mean by—[*Mimicks the action of putting his hand to his nose.*] Oh, him so dam plase, him forget to give present to poor Smutta. [Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*The Turret-Chamber, as before—Peter Von Bummel's Picture continues in the frame in the flat, L.—Stage dark.*

TOBY VARNISH *discovered, seated on the oak chest, with the bear's head.*

Var. (R.) So, old Peppercoal was afraid of his wine, and, after keeping me a quarter of an hour in the cellar, locks me up here, in the dark, too—makes me a sort of state prisoner—in one of the best rooms, too. Ah ! footsteps ; should it be Lucy—it's the old sea-monster !

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, with a candle in his hand, L.—
LUCY following.

Capt. P. Let me see : there are two or three points I must question this fellow about. Harkye—[*Lucy comes cautiously in, R., and blows out the candle—then runs to Varnish.*] The candle gone out—I thought I heard somebody give a puff. [*Hurries and secures the door.*] Are you there, fellow ?

Var. [*With Lucy, R.*] No, sir, I'm here ; I'm a fixture.

Capt. P. Ugh ! I should be sorry to take you at a valuation. Enjoy yourself in the dark till my return.

[Exit, L.]

Var. I'll amuse myself as well as I can. [*Kisses Lucy.*]
Lucy. If you do that again, I'll scream out.

Var. Pray don't ; he's coming already.

Lucy. No, no, not so soon : I never do things by halves, though you do.

Var. Eh ?

Lucy. He can't readily procure a light—I've poked out the kitchen fire, and upset the tinder-box at the same time. My mistress is locked up, and I have coaxed Smutta to carry a letter to your master, who is to come here disguised as the Flying Dutchman.

Var. Come here ! what, to-night ? Then he'll get mur-

dered—I shall get murdered—you'll get murdered—we shall all get murdered.

Lucy. Is the man mad? When he knocks, you have only to open the blind [*Shows a rope-ladder.*], throw out this rope-ladder, and you'll soon see the consternation every one except ourselves will be in.

Var. Not they, indeed: why, don't you know, in order to gain time, and save my own bones, I've told old Fire-coal—Charcoal—Peppercoal—what's his name? that my master is actually coming here, as the Dutchman's ghost, this blessed night.

Lucy. Was ever anything so unlucky?

Var. What shall we do? Perhaps he won't come.

Lucy. O yes! here's his reply to my note. [*Drops paper.*] No, it isn't—I've dropped it.

Var. There's a pretty piece of business! The only way is, neither to answer his signal nor to throw out the ladder. Perhaps you could quit the fortress, and give him notice.

Lucy. Impossible! Hark!

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, L. D., with a loaded pistol, screening the candle with the lappet of his coat—Lucy takes advantage, and steals to the door, L.—Stage light.

Capt. P. I had great difficulty to light it—somebody had poured water into the tinder-box; but it sha'n't go out this time, I'm resolved. [*Lucy shuts the door, L.*] Who's that? Lucy! where the devil did you drop from?

Lucy. Through the door, sir—thought you called for a light. [*Points for Varnish to pick up the letter.*]

Capt. P. So I did, half an hour since. Why, what's all that winking and nudging about? [*Varnish hums a tune while picking up the letter.*] Come, sir, hand over those despatches, or I'll drive a bullet through your topmast.

Var. Want the head, sir? [*Tendering the bear's head.*]

Capt. P. You shall want a head presently.

[*Strikes the bear's head with his pistol.*]

Var. Don't do that, sir—you'll make my head ache.

Capt. P. Come, give it— [*Snatches letter from Varnish.*] Now, march aft.

Var. (R.) March what, sir?

Capt. P. (c.) March up the room; and you [*To Lucy.*] keep out of the bows—none of your telegraphing. Now, keep quiet, while I read the letter. [*Reads.*] “Recollect to be at the window in the large room, and wait till I give three knocks.” [*Varnish creeps behind Captain Peppercoal, and*

places the bear's head over Captain Peppercoal's shoulder—Lucy laughs—and Varnish retreats to the sea-chest, sits on it, and places his hat on the bear's head.] If you have any regard for the head on your shoulders, take care of that in your hand. [Continues reading.] “Be sure to be punctual at the time. Your's, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.” So, so, this is the room, is it? I shall sup here.

[Mumbling over the letter—advances towards R.—Varnish gets across to Lucy, L.]

Var. [Aside to Lucy.] Why, that's not my master's writing.

Lucy. What? how?

Capt. P. Come, march over the side of the ship, march!

Lucy. Well, I'm going, and happy am I to give you notice that I wouldn't live another day in your service if—

Capt. P. Get out, or—

Lucy. Sea-bear! and is this the return for a poor servant's merits.

Capt. P. Get out! and take your little merits with you. [Exit Lucy, grumbling, L. D.] Now, sirrah, we shall soon come to action! Hollo, there! bring up some grog and biscuit.

Enter Two Slaves bringing in a tray and wine, L., a small supper-table with cloth laid, an extra cloth folded, two lighted candles, wine, horn cups, knife, plates, &c.

Var. Going to get drunk, and I shall get murdered, I suppose; what can it mean—not my master's writing! if the real ghost should come—

Capt. P. [To Slaves, who have placed the table, L.] Sheer off! [Exit Slaves, L.—Captain Peppercoal runs after them to kick them.] Sit you there; [Varnish sits at table.] now, fill a bumper to the health of the Flying Dutchman.

Var. [Trembling.] I can't, sir.

Capt. P. Drink, sirrah! Drink, sirrah! [Captain Peppercoal gives wine to Varnish; and, just as he is about to drink it, Peter knocks violently at the window—Varnish lets the cup fall, and sinks on his knees, R.]

Capt. P. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Well, sir, why don't you hoist your sail, and open the window to his ghostship.

Var. [Imploringly.] N—o! no, sir!

[Captain Peppercoal snatches up a pistol.]
Capt. P. But I say yes; yes, blubber, open the window, sir, or I'll pop a bullet through your topmast, I will.

Var. Ye—ye—yes, sir! O—h! o—h! I see his cloven foot through the—I smell brimstone—I! o—h! [*Captain Peppercoal presents the pistol.*] Yes, sir.

[*Varnish opens the window and falls, as Peter, with an enormous mask, hat, and feathers, presents himself at the window in flat—a dark lantern in his hand.*]

Pet. [*In a gruff voice.*] B—oo!

Capt. P. [*Throws the candle and candlestick and fires a pistol at Peter.*] Miss'd him, by Jupiter.

[*Runs out, L. D.—Varnish gets behind the screen.*]

Capt. P. [*Calling without, L.*] Smutta, get a blunderbuss; give him a raking fire at his stern, and blow away the gingerbread work!

Pet. [*Through the window.*] What am I to do? They smoke the plot below—twenty of 'em at my heels—here's a reception for a lover: I—[*Pistol fires without, L. U. E.—he tumbles in at the window and overturns the table, &c.*] I'm shot! o—h!

[*His mask falls off.*]

Var. [*Throwing down the screen.*] Spare all I have, and take my life.

Pet. [*Getting up and putting on his mask the hind part before.*] Toby! my Toby. Oh!

Var. Peter, my Peter, oh! [*Noise.*] They return; what's to be done—they've taken away the ladder! [*Looking out of the window.*] Ah! the rope ladder—here it is; follow me; but first lock that door.

[*He flings the rope ladder out of window and escapes, while Peter locks the door, L.*]

Pet. Don't go without me.

Var. [*Behind the flat.*] Hollo! the rope ladder has given way.

Pet. The ladder given way! what am I to do? [*Noise at L. D.*] No closet, no outlet; a chest—fast! confusion! [*Snatches a knife from the table and forces the lock open.*] Devil take the knife, I've cut my finger; I'll tie it up with old Peppercoal's table-cloth.

Capt. P. [*Without*] Bear a hand.

Pet. They're coming; box open, in I go! I fancy myself in England,—I've got a private box all to myself.

[*Gets into the box, R.—A crash without.*]

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, L. D., with SMUTTA and Four Slaves with sticks, having forced the door.

Capt. P. [*With a pistol.*] How the devil came you to miss; and such a mark, too!

Smu. [*With a gun.*] Him sure him hit him somewhere.

Capt. P. Well, I won't have the house turned topsy-turvy, nor my niece terrified in this manner; away with those infernal pictures, I'll give them no longer quarter; take them out of the house; and, as for that cursed old chest, toss it into the sea; let it swim after its master, the Flying Dutchman. Go down, and fetch up a soldier or two from the garrison. Ill—ill—ugh!

Exit, L. D., in a violent passion—they are removing the pictures and conveying the box out as the scene changes.

SCENE V.—*A Lonely Pass.—Stage half dark.*

Sailors. [*Without, R.*] Yo ho! yo ho!

Enter TOM WILLIS, VON SWIGGS, and Sailors, R.

Tom. [*Entering.*] Ah, ha, ha! I tell ye, Von, it's too late,—we must aboard the Enterprise again. Captain's leave was only for two hours, just to hail the fortress and gain signals of his honour, Mister Von Bummel; and here you, who have took upon you to be our pilot, have brought us by a round-about circumbendibus sort of a way like a rope's coil, to just where we set sail.

Von S. Ugh! Ich sall tell you vot it ish, mynheer: it ish-dat deffil Vanderdecken, vot haf bewilder mein senses; it ish he who haf leaf met his dance all about, like der cork and de screw, tweest a tweester.

Tom. Belay, belay: you were out of your latitude on these shores, and we out of ours to trust to your gogriphy; howsomdever, we'll pipe all hands at daybreak, and be off to the wedding, and salute the bride with one of old Nepton's consarts, too,—three hearty cheers and a boatswain's whistle. Afraid of the Dutchman, eh, Von? Now, if I were to see him on dry land, I'd snap my finger at him myself, and call him an impostor sailing under false colours.

All. And I—and I.

Von S. Dat's a teflish goot a joke: I'll tell you a story.—Onch on a time, Vanderdecken—[*Thunder.*] what was that?

Tom. A storm rising; come, come, let's aboard before it gets dark: shiver me, I do see something coming. [*Looking off R.*] How it glides along, what's it like?

Von S. It's like der dibel!

[*Thunder—exeunt, terrified, L.*

Enter MOWDREY, R.—Stage becomes darker.

Mow. Strange, I can gain no tidings of my servant. Poor Varnish, surely old Peppercoal has not dared to restrain him : yet, were he alive, at liberty, ere now, I am but too well persuaded, he would have returned to his duty ; how rejoiced will he be to learn that I have again discovered our lost boat floating in yonder creek, and that we can again cross the river, and carry off Lestelle and Lucy. Ah ! sure I heard a footstep ; no, 'tis merely the agitation of the waves : night thickens, and the dim clouds portend a storm ; still, still he comes not. I'll delay no longer : in my solitary boat alone I'll venture, and fear no danger where Lestelle invites. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*Stage dark.—Exterior of the Fortress, with a Verandah, L. S. E.—in the background, over a descent of Picturesque Rocks, the Ocean—a distant Lighthouse—the Sea slightly agitated.—Moonlight.*

MUSIC.—*Enter VANDERDECKEN, R. U. E., wearing a large blue mantle—he crosses the stage and looks up at the Verandah, L. S. E., where the notes of a harp are heard—as Lestelle sings, the words of the song affect him.*

AIR.—LESTELLE, *without, L. U. E.*

Return, O my love ! and we'll never part
While the moon her soft light shall shed :
I'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,
And my bosom shall pillow thy head.

During the air, MOWDREY descends the rock, R. S. E., with caution—he crosses and goes beneath the verandah, near Vanderderdecken, without perceiving him—Vanderdecken threatens scornfully, and implies that he himself will bear away Lestelle, and then retires, mysteriously, R. U. E.

Mow. 'Tis her heavenly form ! all quiet—if I could but attract her attention. [*Calling.*] Lestelle ! Lestelle !

Enter LESTELLE into the Verandah, L. S. E.

Les. That voice ! I could not be deceived.

Mow. Ah, Lestelle ! will you not descend and fly with me, through the dim twilight, this spot, which, but for thy presence, would be too hateful.

Les. Alas, William ! I am a captive, and to-morrow I am to be hurried to the altar, and my hand forcibly bestowed on another.

Mow. While I have life it shall never be accomplished. Can you by no means descend from the verandah? these arms shall screen thee from danger and the storm.

Les. I have a scarf within; I—ah! I hear footsteps—away, if you love me, and conceal yourself. Armed men, from the garrison, are in the fortress. Fly, fly! or you are lost. *[Retires from the Verandah.]*

Mow. But, Lestelle! only one word, and I—Ah!

[Exit, R.]

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL and Sentinel, with a gun, L.

Capt. P. I'm certain I heard somebody's jawing tackle at work; I shan't rest if I don't shoot somebody to-night. The wood and the rocks are full of pirates, all wanting to smuggle my Letty. You, Mr. Sentinel, keep watch outside the door, and if any one come within hail, why, dam'me, fire a broadside; let 'em hear our bull-dogs bark. I'll just look out a-head to see if there are any lurkers this way. *[Exit Captain Peppercoal, R.]*

[*MUSIC.*—*Re-enter VANDERDECKEN, R. S. E.—he crosses the Sentinel to L., unperceived—LESTELLE appears in the Verandah, with a scarf—she starts at the sight of the Sentinel, and hesitates—Vanderdecken waves his hand, and a small rose-coloured flame descends on the Sentinel's gun—he retreats, in terror, R. S. E.—the flame follows him.*]

Re-enter MOWDREY, R.

Mow. Lestelle! Dearest Lestelle!

Les. Now assist me.

[*MUSIC.*—*She descends into Mowdrey's arms—Vanderdecken, who is invisible to Mowdrey, comes behind, and, crossing to L., touches Lestelle.*]

Les. (C.) How is this? A sudden chillness rushes through my veins—I faint—I die! Ah, Mowdrey, see, that horrid spectre!—support me.

[Swoons in Mowdrey's arms.]

Mow. (R. C.) Lestelle, Lestelle! All here I behold—the trees, the fortress—nothing more, Ah, this cold hand—her bosom, too, no longer palpitates. I dare not call for aid—the water—in the hollow of my hand—

[*MUSIC.*—*He supports Lestelle in his arms to a bank, R. S. E., and hurries towards the water, L. U. E.—in the meantime, Vanderdecken covers her with his mantle, and Lestelle vanishes.—Exit Vanderdecken, R. S. E.*]

Mow. [*Returning.*] Lestelle ! my love, my life ! my—
horror !—lost, lost ! Help, help ! [*Falls.*]

[*Storm.*—*A mist begins to arise, through which Vanderdecken is seen crossing the sea in an open boat with Lestelle, from L. U. E.—the storm rages violently—the boat is dashed about upon the waves—it sinks suddenly with Vanderdecken and Lestelle—the PHANTOM SHIP appears (a la phantasmagorie) in a peal of thunder.—The stage and audience part of the Theatre in total darkness.*]

INVISIBLE CHORUS, L.

Vanderdecken, come.
The bridal-bark, the spectre band,
Over sea and over land,
Wait to guide this captain's lady home.
Then, Vanderdecken, Vanderdecken, come.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-beach.*

SMUTTA sitting on the sea-chest, in C., and **Four other Slaves** discovered, with sticks, listening.

Smu. [*Rising.*] Nobody follow ! Debbil himself never come here. Now we look into old box ; me hear Lucy say nice fine ting in that box, me get him out, carry fine clothes to Lucy, so she make Smutta him chum chum.

[**MUSIC.**—*They all approach the box, and force it open with their sticks—when the lid flies up, Peter pops out his head, with the mask and a large hat on—they all run off, L.*]

Pet. Bag my books, all off ! Don't like the Flying Dutchman—eh, my masters ? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! [*Noise without, L.*] O dear, they're returning—found me out. What shall I do ? I'll pop on the clothes in the box there, and pretend to be a female, lovely, virtuous, and in distress. [*Noise repeated.*] Eh ! coming—then I'm going.

[*Takes the dress out of the trunk, and exit hastily, L. S. E.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter VARNISH, with the bear's head under his arm, L. S. E.*

Var. Confound that rope-ladder, I have nearly dislo-

cated every bone in my body; what to do, I cannot imagine, though they say two heads are better than one. I have often heard of running away with a flea in my ear, but I have run away with my head under my arm. Was ever poor devil of a painter so harassed and so hungry as I am. I could eat—dam'me, I could eat my head; I could digest—[*Seeing the box.*] an old sea-chest! Oh, ho! then I did hear voices hereabouts—smugglers—robbers! and this is their hidden treasure. [*Opens the lid and looks into the chest.*] Why it's full of emptiness—there, they are going to rob somebody, and this is to bring off the spoils in; if they find me there, I shall be shot for a spy; or, [*Meditating.*] if they hav'nt opened the box, they can't do it without a hammer. Perhaps they'll carry the box to the hammer; so, if I get inside, and hold down the lid—egad, I will; it's the only way of escaping unnoticed from this place to a place where eatables and drinkables are to be had. [*Gets into the chest.*] Licensed to carry one inside. Eh! Oh, my poor bowels. What a tight fit. [*Closes the box.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter SMUTTA and Slaves, with cudgels, L.*

Smu. All still; all quiet. Tortoise in him shell again—dam cunning, but we break him about him ears. [*Laughs.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*Slaves hit the lid of chest with their sticks.*] How you like dat, Massa?

[*Varnish, with the bear's head on, shows himself in the chest.*]

Var. Fire! Murder!

Smu. Vat dat? O la! him look like large kangaroo, he, he! Smutta nebber hear kangaroo cry out murder, tho', for all dat.

Var. [*Sitting on the edge of the chest.*] Spare me! Don't you know me? I'm an Englishman—my name's Varnish.

Smu. [*Aside.*] Lucy's chum chum! Me break him all into little bones. [*With sarcasm.*] Your name's Varnish, me tink you say?

Var. Yes; Toby Varnish, Esq., footman extraordinary to Lieutenant Mowdrey, potticary's boy to his Britannic Majesty, and ordinary painter in carmine to the Empress of Nova Scotia. [*Aside—rises and crosses to R.*] There, I think I've instilled into their vulgar minds a little sense of personal respect.

Smu. Um! You great man! Smutta take you to him massa—Captain Peppercoal—eh!

Var. Take me to the devil! to old Peppercoal—my back throbs at the bare idea; I'd sooner swallow a porcupine dressed in its quills, than meet that snarling sea-griffin again. Let me go—I'll come again to-morrow.

Smu. You so rich—what you give him, massa?

Var. Give! O dear! here's a rascal in office, by instinct, wants a bribe.—Alas! I've lost my place, and now I must lose my last month's wages, or lose what is dearer to an Englishman than life, place, or money—liberty! Well, well—what shall I do? egad! I will—Now, my lads, look out—there, there's a scramble, and I brush!

[Scatters money—They squabble, and pick it up—Exit *Var-nish*, running L.]

Smu. Dat's mine—and dat's mine—and dat's mine—and dat's mine, mind [*Smutta turns.*] Mind dat—Eh! gone! runa! No dere—no dere; me see—me see—[*Points to R S.E.*—he! he! he! him change himself again!

Enter PETER VON BUMMELI, dressed as a Shepherdess, with a crook, hurried in by the slaves, R. S. E.

Pet. Oh! Gentlemen of the jury, pity and protect a lovely young creter, who has been set on by ruffians, and compelled to screen her innocence in that cave—I think I had better be off.

[Escapes, R. S. E.—*The Slaves run and bring him back.*

Pet. Conduct me to the nearest vessel, if you please; I'm England bound. [*Aside*] I wish they were bound neck and heels together. Pity me, sweet gentlemen, good-looking, fair-complexioned gentlemen. I'm only a poor trembling, palpitating little damsel.

Smu. Is, missy, me pity you ver much—you got dam a large leg, missy; fine calf undem petticoats—eh! [*Catching at the petticoat a little, and laughing.*] Ha, ha! how funny!

Pet. O fie! where's your manners? talk of a lady's calves—you might as well talk of—bag my books, if this isn't worser than—I'm in such a flutter—don't you see I'm going to faint—I—oh!

Smu. You go with us, massa—you big rogue—Smutta him know all about. Con.e, massa—come!

Pet. If I do—I'll—I tell ye I'm a gentlewoman, lonely, virtuous, and in want! Don't believe, eh? Well, then, I'll show ye a gentlewoman's trick for once [*Snatches a curl from one of the Slaves.*] There! there! there!

[MUSIC.—*Smutta and Slaves attack him—he beats them off, L.—He returns, and, holding up his dress, runs with violence across the stage, pursued by them, R.—two Slaves carry off the sea-chest, R.*

SCENE II.—*A gigantic Cliff, down which the Sea is rolling with terrific violence—a descent of rocks and sea-weed—a cave sinking still deeper into the earth, L. U. E.—a bank, L. S. E.—Stage partially dark.*

[MUSIC.—*Enter VANDERDECKEN, with LESTELLE in his arms, down rock, R. U. E.—he places her on the bank, L. S. E.—goes to the entrance of cave, and listens—takes up a shell of water, and sprinkles Lestelle's face—she revives—he exults, and implies that she must now enter and sign the fatal book—music ceases.*

Les. [Shrieks, R.] Enter yon dreadful abyss; sign the fatal book which consigns me to live for ever beneath the waters.—Do not terrify me—you are not, cannot be what you appear—Spare me! spare me! [*Sinking at his feet.*] Yes! ah! you weep! you relent—Mercy! mercy!

[*He gazes tenderly on her, then places her hand against his heart, as he points towards the cave.—MUSIC.—The symphony of “Return, O my Love,” played on the flute without.*

Les. Ah! that strain—the forbidden song! It bewilders me; I am lost—an irresistible impulse urges me on. [*First verse of the song, “Return, O my love!” sung without, accompanied by the harp.*] That sweet enchanting strain again!

[*Vanderdecken watches her features, and leads her gently down the abyss, L. U. E., under the influence of the music.*

Enter MOWDREY, on the rock, R. U. E., pale and almost exhausted—he descends slowly.

Mow. Thus far, directed by the screams of my dear Lestelle, I have followed—what demon is it that still tears her from my arms? [*Lestelle screams in the cave beneath the earth, L. U. E.*] Ah! 'tis her voice—again I hear it! Yes, Lestelle, I'll follow thee—into the depths of the earth I'll follow thee—we'll live and die together!

[MUSIC.—*Exit into the cave beneath the earth, L. U. E.—he drops his handkerchief.*

PETER, as a Shepherdess, with a cudgel, pops his head from amongst the rocks, L. U. E.

Pet. [*Coming forward.*] What a horrid situation for one of the soft sex! If any of the real sex should ever be placed in a similar situation, I hope they'll get out of it as neatly as I have done. [*Noise without, L.*] More violators! down, then, maiden modesty, and up cudgel.

Enter VARNISH, hastily, L. U. E.

Var. [*Calling.*] Sir, master—my dear master! [*Peter holds up the cudgel at him.*] Why, what the devil are you? What! Peter in petticoats? what a wapper! What masquerading is all this? where do you come from? where have you been?

Pet. [*Singing.*] “I’ve been roaming, I’ve been roaming,” &c.

Var. Oh dear! I am half mad; my master must be quite mad, or he’d never have scrambled, neck or nothing, into this infernal place. I’m sure I caught a glance of him but an instant since.

Pet. He—he’s just gone on a random shot into Davy Jones’s Locker there. [*Pointing to the cave.*] Don’t you attempt to follow him. No, no—let’s decamp.

Var. Go, and desert my master! Why, look ye, Peter: my master took me from bottle-shaking, and I’ll never desert him so long as I can shake a limb in his service. He’s been a good master to me, and—— [*Picks up the handkerchief dropped by Mowdrey.*] Here’s his handkerchief—that’s a signal of distress. [*Wipes his eyes with it.*] I’ll follow; so shall you.

Pet. [*Pointing to the cave.*] What, there? No, I thank you!

Var. Coward! go, then, up yonder rock, jump into the boat, and desire old Peppercoal to send aid, lights, and ropes, to the entrance of the Devil’s Cave. Mind what I say, or I’ll come back again, if it be only for the satisfaction of pouncing you to death in my own mortar!

[*Exit into the cavern, L. U. E.*

Pet. There’s a fool for ye! Going to the devil, and calculating upon coming back again. How am I to climb up these rocks again? rather an awkward situation for a lady

[*He arranges his dress to ascend the rock, R. U. E., and the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Fortress.*—*Stage light.*

Enter CAPTAIN PEPPERCOAL, R.

Capt. P. (c.) They tell me Lestelle is carried off, notwithstanding my vigilance. Now, then, I'm as completely miserable as any respectable old fellow of my character would wish to be! And what's brought me to all this? My extreme good nature—the urbanity of my disposition—my lenity towards the faults of my enemies. My tenderness for Lestelle has ruined the poor girl: I suffered her to act just as she pleased, and so she's sheered off from her weak-hearted fool of a guardian with nobody knows who: the Flying Dutchman, forsooth! Psha! the flying devil! It's all a trick—a device—false colours! Oh, here comes that jade, Lucy! Now I shall have an opportunity to worm the whole scheme out of her, and detect the fugitives before it be yet too late.

Enter LUCY, with a band-box, R.

Lucy. (R. c.) I'm going, sir.

Capt. P. Going! where?

Lucy. [Pertly.] To quit my place, sir. We gave each other notice last night.

Capt. P. Ay, ay,—I believe there was a mutual exchange of signals between us, not exactly congenial though, I think.

Lucy [Aside.] Congenial! why that's what Varnish says—what can he mean by congenial?

Capt. P. To be sure, at times, when I'm hard up, I'm a little rough, but I'm smooth again in an instant, nobody can deny me that.

Lucy. No, but then you are no sooner smooth than you are rough again in an instant, nobody can deny that either.

Capt. P. Why, grape and canister, if—

Lucy. Character—yes, you must give me a character.

Capt. P. I don't know that I shall: every person's character ought to be able to pass muster and take care of itself;—look at mine by land and by sea.

Lucy. Take care you don't lose it.

Capt. P. Impossible, after fifty years' standing.

Lucy. Don't be too certain: as Newton says, spots do sometimes appear in the sun's dish; you may know what

it is to want a character yourself shortly, so your servant. [Going.

Capt. P. [Seizing her hand.] If you go, I'll be——

Lucy. Not go!

Capt. P. Now there's not a soul in the house but our two selves. [Looks round.

Lucy. What, sir?

Capt. P. I want you to let me into a little bit of a secret.

Lucy. A little bit of a secret.

Capt. P. Tell me all about it: where is Lestelle; help me to find them out, and I'll make your fortune. If you deceive me, I'll put you in the coal-cellar, and feed you upon bread and water. Come, come, Lucy, I know you'll be a good girl; [Gives her a purse.] there's a key to unlock the floodgates of mystery—you understand me; now we are alone, I wish to take advantage of——

Lucy. Not of me, you wicked man. O yes, you look like a seducer!

Capt. P. I look like a seducer! did you ever see a seducer in gray hairs and a three-cornered hat? will you understand me?

Lucy. I understand too well. Don't come near me—I'll scream.

Capt. P. Well, scream,—I'm too old a seaman to be frightened at that.

Lucy. What am I to do for a reputation?

Capt. P. Get another, it will be quite as good as your last.

Lucy. Ah! help! help! what am I to do? [Aside.] I owe him a grudge for his unkindness to my mistress. I'll frighten him a bit. I'm lost! O—h! I'm going to faint! [Faints.

Capt. P. Well, faint! [Lucy falls into his arms.

Enter VON SWIGGS, TOM WILLIS, and Two Sailors, with
kuife and table-cloth.

Capt. P. [Pushing Lucy from him.] Discovered, too!

Lucy. Defend me! save me! [Running to Tom Willis.

Von S. [Smoking.] Yaw! yaw! vot is dish Mynheer Von Peppercole, ugh!

Tom. Ay, ay, my pretty lass; tuck yourself under my arm, and if that old chap dare to clap his grappling-irons athwart your mizen again, down goes his topmast.

Capt. P. And pray, gentlemen-looking smugglers,

which I take ye to be, who desired you to wind your whistle aboard this fortress.

Tom. Nobody: we com'd of ourselves—we be no smugglers, we wants to speak with our passenger, Peter Von Bummel: he invited us all here to his wedding, ye see. On our way we fell in with Peter's bag, an old chest dashed to pieces, this knife, and this bloody table-cloth, marked with your name, by which we suspect our messmate has come by an ill end, which you must answer.

Capt. P. That baggage knows well enough that Peter——

Lucy. I know nothing, except, in my opinion, that the man who came here wasn't real flesh and blood.

Tom. That's well said, my girl! Now understand me, Master Pepperpole.

Capt. P. How dare you address me in that manner? Do you know who I am? I——Did you ever hear my character?

Lucy. [*Laughing.*] Of fifty years' standing. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit, L. D.*]

Capt. P. You lubbers! Now you march after her, or I'll treat you all three to a rope's end. You know what a rope's end is; all of ye, I dare say.

Enter PETER, L.

Pet. Old Coaly, I have news for you.

Capt. P. Then take your companions away, and bring them after me. [*Exit, L.*]

As Captain Peppercoal rushes out, L. D., enter PETER, in his original dress.

Tom. 'Tis he! 'tis he! huzza!

All. Huzza!

Pet. Ah, Tom Willis! I didn't see you. I'm not married yet—a married life is like——Did you ever hear of such a place as the Devil's Cave?

Tom. To be sure: our cutter lies at the mouth of it, and deuced wild anchorage it is.

Pet. Never you mind that, but come along with me. I'll cut you out a job; and, if you finish it to my satisfaction, you shall swim in grog for a month. You are not afraid of spirits, are ye?

Tom. No, your honour; so being they are not stronger as brandy.

Pet. That's your sort! Now do I feel as great—as great as Alexander at the battle of the Nile, when, like a river god, he rode on the back of his *Obstrapulos*, and rushed into the briny—briny—bri—you know what I mean; he rushed into the briny.

All. Huzza!

[*Exeunt, L. D.*]

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Devil's Cave—an overhanging Rock, L. S. E., leading into the Cave—a grotesque Rock in the centre, resembling an antique table, and massy book, closed.*

[*MUSIC.*—*LESTELLE* discovered, supporting herself against the rock, L. S. E., in an attitude of distress.—*VANDERDECKEN*, R., comes down, with a torch in his hand—he gazes at *Lestelle*, puts down the torch, and points to the magic book.

Les. Thine, earthly or unearthly! never! Terrible being, thou mayst indeed trample on my mortal frame, but the soul of *Lestelle* is far above thy malice.

[*MUSIC.*—*He is angry—he takes her hand, and, approaching the book, it flies open and displays hieroglyphics—Lestelle screams, and sinks at the base of the rock—footsteps heard without—Vanderdecken listens.*

Enter MOWDREY, from the rock, L. S. E.

Mow. [*Calling.*] *Lestelle!* I am here—you are safe! *Lestelle!* [*He descends, and sees Vanderdecken.*] Ah, wretch, is it you? Tremble!

[*MUSIC.*—*Vanderdecken laughs, then draws a sword—a terrific fight—Mowdrey, after repeatedly stabbing his opponent in vain, is taken up by Vanderdecken, and furiously thrown down.*

Van. Mortal, die! [*Thunder.*] Ah, what have I done! [*He displays bodily agony.*] I have spoken! [*MUSIC.*] The spell which admits my stay on earth is destroyed with my silence. I must begone to my phantom ship again, to the deep and howling waters; but ye, the victims of my love and fury, yours is a dreadful fate—a hundred years here, in torpid life, to lie entombed till my return. Behold!

[*Points to the book—A CHORD.*

Enter VARNISH, L. S. E.—he runs across, and hides behind the magic book.

Mow. Is there no hope?

Van. None! Seest thou this magic book: its mystic pages, consumed by the hand of a sailor's son, on ocean born, would set ye free; but never can that be accomplished for in *Vanderdecken's* absence 'tis denied that

human footstep e'er seek this cavern, or pierce those flinty walls.

[*Varnish comes cautiously forward and snatches up the torch, which Vanderdecken has inserted in the ground—he sets fire to the mystic book, and, advancing triumphantly to L., with the torch in his hand, exclaims, 'Tis done!*
'Tis done!

Var. [*To Vanderdecken.*] What d'ye think of that? I've burnt the writings, old one. I'm a sailor's son! I was born at sea, too; my father was a stout-hearted British tar, and so was my mother!

[*Varnish joins the hands of Mowdrey and Lestelle.*

Van. [*After covering his face with his hands.*] Malediction! malediction! you triumph. But I go to my revenge. Tremble, tremble! the rushing waves which rise to welcome the return of Vanderdecken, shall bury ye deep, deep in their unfathomed darkness. Burst, stormy clouds, and overwhelm them; rise, ye many waters of ocean, cover them up for ever. [*Thunder.*] Rockalda! I come.

[*MUSIC.—Vanderdecken goes behind the rock-table, whereon the magic-book was placed, and sinks with the altar, amidst thunder and flames of red fire.—Exit Varnish, with the torch, R. S. E.*

Var. [*With a torch, on a projecting rock, R. U. E.*] Master, dear master, the rock, the rock—follow me; this way—I hear voices.

Mow. 'Tis the voice of Varnish; he has found an outlet to liberty. Come, love, come!

[*Exeunt Mowdrey and Lestelle, hastily, R. S. E.; and they all appear on an eminence of the rock, R. U. E.*

Mow. Alas, there is no hope!—Hark, hark! the torrent is rushing down upon us. See! see! Assistance is at hand—help! help! help! [*Waves handkerchief.*

[*MUSIC.—Varnish continues waving his torch, and the agitated waters rush furiously into the cave, entirely covering the stage to the orchestra—the sound of the gong, and loud peals of thunder heard—a pilot, Peter Von Bummell, with a torch, Captain Peppercoal, &c., appear in a sloop from the very back—they come under the rock, R. U. E., and receive Lestelle, Mowdrey, and Varnish aboard—sails are hoisted, with British flag, and as the cutter turns round to return, shout, "Huzza!"—incessant noise, as on board a vessel, with crash, gong, and thunder, until the Curtain falls.*

THE END.

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